

# FAN-NOISE #2



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Every once in a while I get the urge to make my fan noise, and I lumber forth from my lair where

I have been working up a complete list of Mildred Clingerman's appearances in print, and I give forth with my mighty cry, which (as we have come to expect of such orics) causes the earth to quake, the sky to tremble and then to turn many colors (successively) and things of that nature. Oh, say, this is Gary Deindorfer, 40 Atterbury Ave., Trenton, NJ holding forth here and once again this mag comes to you wrapped within the pages of Focal Point. I like Focal Point because (oddlly enough) it keeps me abreast of things, as they say, in this strange world of hobbyists known as fandom. From my limited knowledge of the group, I understand it is less like a formal society such as the AMA and more a loose knit microcosm, sort of like those people one will find milling around Times Square on a summer Saturday night, among them high school students, lawyers, airplane pilots, doctors, candlestick makers, and the like. I would appreciate it if some of you could fill me in on some of these things so I can have a clearer picture of this interesting underground sect of yours. I would particularly like to hear from any fans who also happen to be candlestick makers or airplane pilots (fulltime, professional, nonmilitary, preferably) because I could use information about you in a study of some sort I plan to write if I ever have occasion to attend some kind of a college or university again. For now, I would like to submit a couple suggestions to those of you who consider yourselves part of the active "fanocracy" (wowie, keen word, gang, which you may all use from now on, huh?): First, I suggest that all you fans ought to wear guild marks on your collars or wrists or some other external body place, showing the observer in a glance what your occupation happens to be. Thus, if you are an atomic physicist, you could wear a sign of the atom, and if you are a grocer, you could wear a tiny metal apricot. If you are a student, you could wear a little metal book, and so on. Good idea? I think so. A lot of preliminary getting acquainted time is thus neatly sliced away at conventions or what have you, and everybody can "get right down to business," as we say. Second, I would like to suggest that everybody on the mailing list of Focal Point should get together at the same time in a rented hall or maybe somebody's house, and we could hold a Focal Point party, discussing topics of mutual interest and all that sort of thing. I welcome correspondence on these matters.

Looking back on my first paragraph with a proud feeling towards it that only a rankly amateur writer such as myself could feel, I am reminded by the use of the word "microcosm" of a Theodore Sturgeon story called "Microcosmic God" where a human being (very much like you or me) sets himself up as a god (mind you) to a race of tiny creatures which he has either made or found somewhere in a closet. I confess that I do not remember which it was. I am tempted to point out a moral there between this story what with its resolution (which I also forget) and this "fandom" of yours. I would also like to mention that the last time I was in Times Square (a few weeks ago), there were a lot of people milling around who happened to be sporting name badges (most of them) and some bespectacled old guy was standing up on a soapbox speaking on the feasibility of life on a distant planet such as our own world. These afterthoughts are known as bad organization, but you have to expect things like that from such an obviously amateur writer as myself.

I'm writing this on the Fourth of July and one of the young whipper-snapper kids who lives nextdoor just went and set off a cherry bomb in my

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car. I mention this not merely to try to distract my mind from the shock and pain of the thing, but because a middle-aged lady who once had a poem published in Cosmopolitan told me that one sure way to introduce the touch from home in this kind of light-natured (is that a good linkage there?) work is to evoke a chunk of the surrounding milieu, to get down the ambience (as it were). Sounds like a good piece of advice to me! I might also mention that as I sit here and look out the window at the night sky it is lit with lights of multi-color, causing one to realize, yes, that gunpowder has its festive uses as well as its dire ones, and in fact one remembers that the Chinese first used gunpowder solely as a toy, and it was only later that some smart-pants Westerner had to go and use this toy to kill people. Almost causes you to wonder how long it would take to decimate the ranks of "the yellow people" of one of those Eastern countries that are always being annoying, using a couple dozen Mr. Plastic Fight Thing toys from Marx Bros. Not long, I'll bet!

I was reading an article about Nancy Sinatra in the current issue of one of our national magazines of general circulation. Miss Sinatra, who recently made a pile of money singing about boots and what they are made for, says that for the deeper questions and their answers, she is attracted to Los Angeles' Church of Religious Science. As she puts it, "Science says everything is energy, everything is motion, that nothing ever dies. That's just enough of an answer for me." I looked at that for a moment, thought it out, and I said aloud, "By golly, that's good enough for me too!" What with Heisenbergian indeterminacy, Wolfgang Pauli's synchronicity, parity and all the rest you realize that --- bighod! --- the universe is up to something all the time, and possibly to no good end. It makes you wonder whether to eat the food they serve you in restaurants, not to mention whether the traffic light down the street from your house that was red for you that morning on your way to work won't be green or possibly yellow for you as you come upon it on the way home (presumably from the opposite direction, though I guess we can't even depend on that). In these days of shifting reality, when the neighbor with the machined parts visible whirring down in his throat turns out to be Philip K Dick and a photon can't even decide whether or not it is its own antiparticle, and you feel like yelling, "Hey, universe, stop all this stuff and straighten up!" and Newton's apple turns out to be a cluster of intelligences from a distant galaxy, and the sentences get longer and longer, well, then, I feel that what is good enough for the daughter of the guy who insulted Marlan Ellison (as reported in Esquire) is (forsooth) good enough for me. I think this Church of Religious Science has something to offer, and I suspect a number of fans would be better off for looking into it. I remember fan and physicist Sid Coleman's reaction over the phone after I said, "Nancy Sinatra says everything is energy, everything is motion, that nothing ever dies." He replied, "An elegant and succinct statement of the situation." I mention the interesting prospect of Miss Sinatra's becoming a guru to the fannish intelligentsia (if there is one). A whole series of fraught remarks lie ready to issue from her sex-fraught lips: "Reality is energy and motion, and nothing ever dies." "Motion and energy may be found in the most unlikely places, and I don't feel so good today." "I feel full of energy and motion today, unlike yesterday, and also possibly immortal." In this universe of shifting referents, where A may (for no reason at all!) turn out to be C, where parallel lines converge and in fact sooner than infinity and where a bunch of crazy guys play fairy chess by mail (as described in Henry Kuttner's The Fairy Chessmen), where....but once again I am losing my sentence and I think I shall go off quietly and impersonate a turnip.

Forecast: The next issue of this thought-laden magazine will feature a rendition of the Mona Lisa in typewriter symbols to offer change of pace. I saw one such a kindly looking lady in Iowa or from Iowa did once. ---gd.